SACRED HYMNS

For the Use of

[redacted]s Societies.

Generally compoſed in DIALOGUES.

By JOHN CENNICK,

Late of READING in *Berkſhire.*

Speaking to yourſelves in Pſalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, ſinging and making Melody in your Hearts to the LORD. Eph. v. 19.

And one cried unto another, and ſaid, holy, holy, holy, is the LORD *of Hoſts, the whole Earth is Full of his Glory,* Iſaiah vi. 3.

PART I.

BRISTOL:

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SACRED HYMNS

For the Use of

Religious Societies, &c.

HYMN I.

To JESUS CHRIST.

1 WHO can have greater Cauſe to ſing,
Who greater Cauſe to bleſs,
Than we the Children of the King?
Than we who CHRIST poſſeſs!
Than we who CHRIST *poſſeſs!*
Than we who CHRIST poſſeſs!

2 With Angel Hoſts, dear LAMB, we join,
To praiſe thy Love, and Pow'r:
To magnify thy Grace divine,
Thou Mighty Counſellor!
Thou Mighty Counſellor!
Thou Mighty Counſellor!

3 We late were Satan's Captives led,
And Hell had been our End,
Hadſt Thou not for our Pardon bled,
Thou Sinners only Friend!
Thou Sinners only Friend!
Thou Sinners only Friend!

4 For this we ne'er will hold
Nor ſhall our Praiſes ceaſe:
We evermore will ſing that Song,
The LORD our Righteouſneſs!
The LORD our Righteouſneſs!
The LORD our Righteouſneſs!

5 No other GOD we know but Thee,
None elſe did us create:
Thy Glory ſhall we ever be,
O Holy Advocate!
O Holy Advocate!
O Holy Advocate!

6 'Twas Thou, 'twas only Thou didſt take
The Mediator's Place,
When we the Father's Statutes brake:
All Hail thou Prince of Peace!
All Hail thou Prince of Peace!
All Hail thou Prince of Peace!

7 We daily prove Thee ſtill the ſame,
Whene'er our Need we ſee:
Thou beareſt ſtill a SAVIOUR's Name,
Our SAVIOUR Thou ſhalt be!
Our SAVIOUR Thou ſhalt be!
Our SAVIOUR Thou ſhalt be!

8 No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
Shall us from Thee divide:
Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
For us our SAVIOUR dy'd!
For our SAVIOUR *dy'd!*
For our SAVIOUR dy'd!

HYMN II.

For the moſt Part taken out of Te Deum; *or the Song of St.* Ambroſe.

1 WE ſing to Thee, Thou Son of GOD!
Who ſav'd us by thy Grace:
We praiſe Thee, Son of Man! whoſe Blood
Redeem'd our fallen Race.

2 We Thee acknowledge, GOD, and LORD,
FATHER ere Time began:
Thou art by Heav'n, and Earth ador'd,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 To Thee, all Angels cry aloud!
Thro' Heav'ns extended Coaſts:
Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy GOD,
Of all Immortal Hoſts:

4 The Cherubin, and Seraphin,
Continual ſing to Thee:
The Worlds, and all the Pow'rs therein,
Adore thy Majeſty.

5 The

5 The Prophets goodly Fellowship,
In milky Garments dreſt,
Praiſe Thee, Thou holy GOD, *and rest*
The Fulneſs of thy Reſt.

6 Th'Apoſtles glorious Company,
Thy righteous Praiſe proclaim:
The martyr'd Army glorify
Thy Everlaſting Name!

7 Thro' all the World thy Churches join,
T'acknowledge Thee the Head:
Father of Majeſty divine!
Who ev'ry Pow'r haſt made.

8 Alſo thy true and only Son,
Thy Family confeſs:
King of thy Saints, in us made known,
The LORD *our Righteouſneſs.*

9 Alſo the Holy Ghoſt we praiſe,
The Spirit of the LORD:
The Comforter, whoſe kindling Rays,
Our dying Souls reſtor'd.

10 Thou, JESUS, didſt not once abhor
The Virgin *Mary*'s Womb;
But tookſt her Fleſh, and then in Pow'r
Didſt Death and Sin o'ercome.

11 The Kingdom then Thou open'dſt wide,
For all who ſhould believe:
Thy Wounds were Doors; thy Hands, Feet, Side,
To Sinners Entrance give.

12 Among

12 Among their Number we presume,
Sav'd by thy precious Blood:
Reign here, and in the World to come,
O Everlasting GOD!

HYMN III.

The Hymn of Praise, in a Dialogue.

1 RISE, O ye Seed of *David*, rise!
Daughters of *Zion* sing:
Up Sons of Jacob, JESUS *praise,*
Salute th' Auspicious King.

2 Your Lamps ye waiting Virgins trim,
For lo! the Bridegroom comes;
Join with us, and our Lays to Him,
Shall be as rich Perfumes.

3 Employ in sweetest Melody
Your consecrated Tongue:
While we shall sing in Harmony,
Join also in the Song.

4 Women of *Israel*, favour'd Train,
Your humble Master bless:
Our Lord and yours, ye Sons of Men,
In joyful Hymns confess.

5 Our Souls are ready, and our Tongue
Is tun'd to praise the LAMB:
So ready is our ransom'd Throng
To magnify his Name!

6 Why

6 Why ſtay we then? the LORD extol!
Zion break forth in Praiſe:
Join ev'ry Heav'nly-minded Soul,
In pure perpetual Lays.

7 Open ye Everlaſting Doors!
Divide ye Gates of Bliſs!
We with Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs,
Adore OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

8 Within your ſhining Walls receive
Our Praiſe, to JESUS giv'n:
Praiſe will we offer while we live,
And when we join in Heav'n.

9 Eternal Father, we adore,
And joyful own thy Name:
Thou waſt, and art, and evermore
Remaineſt GOD the SAME!

10 To Thee, Redeemer, LAMB of GOD,
We offer Praiſe and Bliſs:
Thro' thy moſt precious Wounds, and Blood,
Came all our Happineſs.

11 Hail promis'd Spirit! HOLY GHOST,
Sent down for *Iſr'el*'s Guide:
Thee will we bleſs when Time is loſt,
And we are glorify'd.

HYMN IV.

ANOTHER.

1 LET us the Sheep in JESUS nam'd,
Our Shepherd's Mercy bleſs:
Let us whom JESUS *hath redeem'd,*
Shew forth our Thankfulneſs.

2 Not unto us! to Thee alone,
Bleſs'd LAMB, be Glory giv'n:
Here ſhall thy Praiſes be begun,
But carry'd on in Heaven.

3 The Hoſt of Spirits now with Thee,
Eternal Anthems ſing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our Hallelujah's bring.

4 Had we our Tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our Songs ſhould riſe:
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.

5 'Till we the Veil of Fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays:
And when we reach thy Father's Throne
We'll join in nobler Praiſe!

HYMN V.

ANOTHER.

1 WORTHY is CHRIST our Paſchal LAMB
Who bow'd his Head, and bore our Shame,
On GOD's eternal Throne to reign;
For he for Man, for us was ſlain.

2 From ev'ry People, Land, and Tongue,
He calls his royal, conqu'ring Throng;
Let all thy Hoſt thy Grace confeſs
And call the LORD, *Our Righteouſneſs.*

3 We praiſe Thee, Thou whoſe Spirit reſts
On us thy Kings, on us thy Prieſts;
Redeem'd to banquet with our GOD,
And bought, and ranſom'd by thy Blood.

4 Let every Spirit now with Thee,
And all in Earth, and on the Sea,
Thy Wiſdom bleſs; and fill thy Throne
With Worſhip due to Thee alone!

5 Be Pow'r, and Riches, ever thine,
And Strength, and Majeſty Divine:
By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd;
The only, everlaſting LORD!

HYMN VI.

ANOTHER.

1 THE Kingdom of our CHRIST is come,
His Power and Strength is known:
Th' Accuſer hears his righteous Doom,
Our SAVIOUR caſts him down.

2 The War is over, JESUS reigns!
Let Heav'n their LORD adore!
The Serpent groans in heavy Chains,
Caſt down to riſe no more.

3 Rejoice ye Brethren, Sons of GOD,
Salvation now is come:
The Merit of *Immanuel*'s Blood
Strikes the Accuſer Dumb.

4 Exalt his Everlaſting Name,
And worthy Bleſſings pay:
Aloud, in all the Earth proclaim,
He takes our Sins away!

5 In his Redemption there is Room
For you, ye Sons of Men:
Believe in CHRIST, and overcome,
And with our SAVIOUR reign.

HYMN VII.

The Pilgrims Hymn, in a Dialogue.

1 TELL us, O Women! we wou'd know
Whither ſo faſt ye move?
We call'd to leave the World below,
Are ſeeking one above.

2 Whence came ye? ſay--and what the Place
That ye are trav'ling from?
From Tribulation, we thro' Grace
Are now returning home.

3 Is not your native Country here
The Place of your Abode?
We ſeek a better Country far,
A City built by GOD.

4 Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliſs to reſt:
Nor we, 'till in the SINNER'S FRIEND
Our weary Souls are bleſs'd.

5 We ſurely know that we ſhall have
Our Lot in *Canaan*'s Land:
The Witneſs us our SAVIOUR *gave,*
Seal'd with his Bleeding Hand.

6 CHRIST is in us a certain Hope
Of Glory yet to come:
Alſo to us did JESUS *ſtoop*
T'aſſure us, there is Room.

7 Hail!

7 Hail! highly favour'd Women! ye
For endleſs Heav'n Deſign'd:
Hail! Sons of Abrah'm *you ſhall be*
More bleſs'd than all Mankind.

8 For you the LAMB, the Bridegroom waits,
His Bride ſhall you be made:
And you with us (within his Gates)
Shall join the LORD *our Head.*

9 Friends of the Bridegroom we ſhall reign:
SAVIOUR, we aſk no more:
Hail Lamb of GOD for Sinners ſlain!
Whom Heaven and Earth adore!

HYMN VIII.

THE SAME.

1 O Women! whither travel ye?
Where are ye bent to go?
Poor Pilgrims, and deſpis'd are we,
Who Happineſs wou'd know.

2 Where did you lately ſojourn? tell,
Simply relate your Caſe:
We ſojourn'd in the World, by Hell,
'Till we were call'd by Grace.

3 What is your Stock; and what your Birth?
Strangers ye ſeem to be:
Our Stock is CHRIST, *(ſcarce known on Earth)*
Our Birth is Heavenly.

4 Then

4 Then are you near of kin to us,
Our Father is the LAMB:
He us begat, we bear his Croſs,
We wear his own new Name.

5 Brethren rejoice! our SAVIOUR bleſs,
For theſe his Daughters are:
Siſters be glad! ye Heirs of Peace,
Our Father's Sons are here.

6 We greet you heav'n-born Maids, and own
With greateſt Joy our kin:
We you ſalute, whom GOD will crown,
Kings over Death, and Sin.

7 We're pleas'd to ſee you Zion-ward,
Your narrow Way purſue:
We thank our deareſt Lamb, the LORD,
And ſay the ſame by you.

8 Join then, O Damſels, highly lov'd!
To bleſs our SAVIOUR's Hand:
Amen, dear Brethren, 'till we're mov'd
To dwell in our own Land.

HYMN IX.

Reſting under the Croſs.

1 CHILDREN of *Iſr'el*, ſee what Shade
The Croſs does us afford:
It was for weary Trav'llers made.
We thank Thee for it, LORD.

2 A while

2 A while ſit down, and we'll prepare
To ſing his worthy Fame,
Who to redeem us ſojourn'd here;
CHRIST JESUS *is his Name.*

3 *Gethſemane* is Witneſs ſtill
How often there he cry'd:
So is the Croſs, and Calv'ry's *Hill,*
Where our great Maſter dy'd.

4 We ſing thy Suff'rings, Wounds, and Blood,
The Virtue of thy Pain:
We ſing thy Griefs, Thou dying GOD!
Thou LAMB *for Sinners ſlain.*

5 We ſing the Merit of thy Tears,
The Merit of thy Groans;
Thy Bloody-ſweat, th'availing Pray'rs,
For theſe have made us Sons.

6 We ſing for Joy, that Heavineſs
Did once oppreſs thy Soul:
For thro' thy Grief we find our Eaſe,
Thy Stripes have made us whole.

7 We hail Thee, Thou by *Jews* revil'd,
To Thee we bow the Knee:
Hail, very GOD! the promis'd Child,
The Prophets ſang of Thee.

8 We are thy living Witneſſes,
Who teſtify that Thou
Art Sinners Righteouſneſs, and Peace;
For we have prov'd Thee ſo.

9 While

9 While others ſing the *unknown GOD*,
We each will ſing of Thee:
JESUS *has waſh'd me in his Blood,*
And lov'd, and dy'd for me!

HYMN X.

At a Society, or any Place of Meeting.

1 IN every Place, dear LAMB,
Where we may be allow'd,
Will we be ſpeaking of thy Name,
And talking of thy Blood.

2 Nor may we e'er forget
To aſk Thee, SAVIOUR, ſtill,
To be with us, where'er we meet;
Leſt we tranſgreſs thy Will.

3 If Thee we have not nigh,
How apt are we to ſin?
How apt to ſpeak of Vanity,
And let the Tempter in?

4 But if it pleaſe Thee, now,
No Word our Lips ſhall move,
Nor mention of the Things below,
But only Things above.

5 And Oh! how ſweetly ſounds
Thy Blood, thy Name, thy Croſs!
Thy Paſſion, Sufferings, Cries, and Wounds,
For all belong to us!

6 O LAMB! thy ſinleſs Blood,
Our wounded Hearts ſhall heal:
Thy Croſs ſhall bring us nigh to GOD,
Thy Name our Bliſs ſhall ſeal.

7 Thy Paſſion ſhall appeaſe
The Wrath of hoſtile Heav'n:
Thy Suff'rings ſhall our Conſcience eaſe,
Shall ſhew our Guilt forgiv'n.

8 Thy Cries our Peace obtain'd,
And in thy Wounds, (the Pools)
We, who with Crimſon Guilt were ſtain'd,
Waſh white our weary Souls.

9 Thy Death our Life has bought,
Thy Tomb hid all our Sin;
For with thy Fleſh our ev'ry Fault,
And Curſe, and Death went in.

10 Thy riſing from the Dead
Us juſtify'd to GOD:
And by aſcending, Thou haſt made
Thy Heav'n our ſure Abode.

HYMN XI.

Calling to follow JESUS.

1 COME, my Father's Family!
Ye ranſom'd of the LORD:
Come, ye Sinners, who with me
Are every where abhor'd:

Let us gladly trace his Steps,
Who ſuffer'd Death among the *Jews:*
Who the friendleſs Soul accepts,
Whom all beſide refuſe.

2 JESUS, the deſpis'd, and mean,
Our Maſter, let us own:
He the Sacrifice for Sin,
The SAVIOUR He alone;
Let us take, and bear his Croſs,
Deſpis'd Diſciples let us be,
Mock'd and ſlighted as he was
For you, my Friends, and me.

3 None but JESUS will we ſing,
None elſe will we adore:
He our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Shall be for evermore:
None among the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth our Praiſe may claim,
None but JESUS, call we ours,
None but the bleeding LAMB!

HYMN XII.

Waiting to praiſe GOD.

1 MOTHERS in *Iſr'el*, Virgins too,
Why ſilent ſit you thus?
Fathers in CHRIST, *we wait for you,*
To praiſe the LORD *with us.*

2 Let

2 Let *Zion*'s Daughters all-way home,
Sing to the Martyr'd LAMB:
Young Men, who have the World o'ercome,
Help to ſound forth his Fame.

3 Handmaids of GOD, his Bride deſign'd,
The joyful Theme begin:
Hail, LORD! *whom all (who ſeek) ſhall find,*
Who ſav'd us from our Sin.

4 Thou only art our SAVIOUR, LORD,
Our Prophet, King, and Prieſt:
Thou art our Hope, our great Reward,
Our Glory, Crown, and Reſt.

5 Thy Garments roll'd in guiltleſs Blood,
Our naked Souls ſhall dreſs:
Thy Milk-white Veſtments, Lamb of GOD,
Shall be our Holineſs.

6 For why we know not, but we know
That we poſſeſs thy Love:
For this we ſing to Thee below,
And ſhortly ſhall above.

HYMN XIII.

Compos'd for the Society in Kingſwood, *in a Dialogue.*

1 LO! we are journeying home to GOD,
Bid by the Spirit, Come:
And in the Way his Children trod,
We ſeek our Father's Home.

2 We walk a narrow Path, and rough,
And we are tyr'd and weak:
Yet ſoon ſhall we have Reſt enough,
In thoſe bleſt Courts we ſeek.

3 Nigh to the Country we appear,
Stor'd with eternal Bliſs:
We know, we quickly ſhall be there;
In Sight our City is!

4 Upon Mount *Sion*'s diſtant Top,
A LAMB our Eyes behold!
'Tis JESUS----*look ye Children up!*
He calls us to his Fold.

5 We ſee him with his Raiment red,
As tho' beſmear'd with Blood;
As newly ſlain He ſtands----He bled,
Us to redeem to GOD.

6 About him, clad in ſnowy Veſts,
Appear a countleſs Throng;
Theſe are his Saints, his Kings, his Prieſts,
Who ſing th' Eternal Song.

7 How bleſt, how more than happy theſe,
Who thus their LORD attend!
We, Brethren, in their Hoſts ſhall praiſe,
We ſoon ſhall there aſcend.

8 But O! how can we hope that we
Such Bliſs ſhall ever know?
CHRIST JESUS *dy'd upon the Tree,*
That we might find it ſo.

9 We

9 We nothing in Return can give
To recompense our LORD;
He nothing asks, only believe,
You are his dear Reward.

10 And is it thus! LORD GOD, Amen!
We are persuaded, 'tis;
Thou us hast lov'd, and we shall reign
In Everlasting Bliss.

11 Farewel, false, treacherous World, farewel,
To better Worlds we go;
We travel with our GOD to dwell,
To cease from Toil below.

12 Kin to the Saints, to JESUS Kin;
To GOD, thro' CHRIST, ally'd:
We clean escape from ev'ry Sin,
And shall be glorify'd.

13 To all Mankind we bid adieu,
But those who with us join:
Mortals, we may not stay with you,
We look to Things divine.

14 Deluded long we here have been,
But now we farther see;
We see the Land where perfect Men
Have true Tranquillity.

15 Our SAVIOUR tells us, there is Room
For us; and we believe:
We come, LORD JESUS, Lo! We come;
Thy promis'd Kingdom give.

16 Content, and glad, the Croſs we take,
Before ordain'd by Thee;
We ALL, *to follow Thee, forſake,*
And in the Way agree.

17 Hated, and mock'd, and diſeſteem'd,
We yet unſhaken run:
So ſtill enable thy redeem'd,
Until our Work be done.

18 And when the Voice of Death we hear,
"GOD now requires you hence;"
May each in glorious Robes appear
With thine Inheritance.

HYMN XIV.

An Hymn for the Feaſt of Charity, in a Dialogue.

1 ATTEND, ye Daughters of the KING!
We bid you to our Feaſt:
And lo! we come, and JESUS *bring*
In our devoted Breaſt.

2 A Feaſt of Charity we keep,
A Sign of that above:
There ſoon ſhall all our SAVIOUR'S *Sheep*
Banquet on JESU'S *Love.*

3 'Till we the happy Country ſee,
Where ceaſes Sin and Fear,
Beneath the Croſs, that ſhady Tree,
We'll reſt contented here.

4 Our

4 Our Bread, and Water, plainest Food,
We'll thankfully partake:
And bless our LORD, *who makes it good,*
To us for JESU'S *sake.*

5 Eternal Streams of Water soon
Shall quench our Sisters' Thirst:
To living Bread shall you sit down,
And feast among the Just.

6 Hail, happy Souls! ye call'd shall see
The Supper of the LAMB:
And you among our Company
Shall shout our SAVIOUR'S *Name.*

7 We know we shall, and thank the Hand
That seal'd us this to share:
Come, Brethren, then, and to the Land
With us in Hymns repair.

HYMN XV.

ANOTHER.

1 ALL Things are ready, nothing now
We want, but CHRIST our Guest:
Come, JESUS, *and thy Presence shew,*
And we'll begin the Feast.

2 Come, JESUS, shed thy Love abroad,
Our Sisters wait for Thee:
Come, JESUS, *let the Sons of* GOD
Feast now in Charity.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

ANOTHER.

1 DAMSELS, arise! and ye who chuse
To marry with the LAMB:
We other Lovers hence refuse,
And all beside disclaim.

2 Then trim your Lamps, your Lamps prepare;
Here will the Bridegroom come:
The good Report we thankful hear;
Our Hearts shall make him Room.

3 Come, LORD, and bless our Feast To-day,
The Guests are all thine own!
Ev'n so, Amen! LORD, *here display*
Thy Love, and reign alone.

HYMN XVII.

At the taking in MEMBERS.

1 SING, Sheep of JESUS, for our LORD
Is, as he promis'd, good:
He loves t'accomplish all his Word,
And seal it with his Blood.

2 He said (and now we prove him true)
Ye shall not be alone:
The Spirit shall descend on you,
And lo! the Thing is done.

3 The

3 The Spirit brooding, ſpreads his Wings
On dry, and lifeleſs Bones:
'Tis He the glorious Record brings,
And ſeals us *Abrah'm*'s Sons.

4 More of our SAVIOUR's dear Elect
To-day he joins to us:
And calls to every Land and Sect,
Who, who will bear my Croſs?

5 Lo theſe are they----*come in dear Seed*
Of our Redeemer, GOD:
Come in, for whom the LAMB *did bleed,*
To waſh you in his Blood.

6 Hail! Happy Children! Welcome ye
To travel with the Flock!
Hail! Father of our Family!
Hail! *Iſrael*'s antient Rock!

HYMN XVIII.

ANOTHER.

1 LIKE Lambs without a Shepherd, late
We in the Deſart ſtray'd:
But now we change our poor Eſtate,
And know a tender Head.

2 Like ſcatter'd Sheep when Wolves appear,
Long did we bleating roam:
How good was JESUS *then to hear?*
How kind to bring us home?

3 Yet many in the Wilderneſs,
Are now by Hell purſu'd:
Theſe alſo will our LAMB *redreſs,*
And bring alive to GOD.

4 Lo! as we ſpeak ſome few return,
Our Mark, and Badge they wear:
Welcome, dear Sheep, of Zion born,
With all the Flock to ſhare.

5 All Hail great Shepherd! go before,
And we thy Steps will trace:
Hoſanna, LORD! *we Thee adore,*
And theſe thy Lambs embrace.

HYMN XIX.

At a Funeral.

1 MOURN not the Dead, nor wail the Man,
Who dwells no more below:
Weep for yourſelves, and be in Pain,
To ſee approaching Woe.

2 O unconverted Sinners! ſee
The Judgment haſtens on:
You to the Bar ſhall ſummon'd be,
With him before you gone.

3 To you 'twill be a Day of Fire,
Gloomy, and diſmal too:
But ſhall fulfil thoſe Souls Deſire,
Who knew the LAMB below.

4 Of

4 Of this bleſt Number, GOD of Love,
Ordain unworthy me:
And when I from the Earth ſhall move,
I'll come, and dwell with Thee.

HYMN XX.

ANOTHER.

1 WHILE others hopeleſs mourn their Dead,
And wail, and weep, and make a Noiſe,
Chearful let us lift up our Head,
And in our SAVIOUR's Love rejoice:
'Tis true, we part to ſee our Friend no more,
'Till we arrive on happy *Canaan*'s Shore.

2 Who can be ſorry (when we prove
What Troubles here the Saints paſs thro')
If JESUS ſends for them above?
Where they no more ſhall Sorrow know.
We thank the LAMB of GOD with all our Heart,
That Thou haſt call'd thy Child, and glad we part.

3 We know e'er long beſide thy Throne,
In milky Robes thy Hoſt ſhall ſtand;
Bleſs'd with a Palm, a ſhining Crown,
Redeem'd from every diſtant Land:
There we ſhall meet our Brother's Soul again,
And Kings, and Prieſts, to GOD for ever reign.

4 We ask no higher Bliss, but pray
Quickly get in thy chosen Seed:
As ripen'd Shocks of Corn, convey
Thy Family to join their Head:
This do, dear LAMB, and in Eternity
We'll join the perfect Church to worship Thee.

HYMN XXI.

ANOTHER.

1 LET others weeping mourn their Loss,
When Friends are call'd by Death,
We sing, for it behoveth us,
And all the Heirs of Faith.

2 Not without Hope we stay behind,
'Tis therefore now we come
To bless our LAMB, *who was so kind,*
To call our Brother home.

3 The Earthly House his Spirit leaves,
And all created Things:
An Heavenly House his Soul receives,
Built by the KING of Kings.

4 Now is the Dust return'd to Dust,
The Doom of every Man:
'Till JESUS *calls, Come home, ye Just,*
Then will he rise again.

5 No

5 No more to part, we then ſhall meet,
Shall meet in endleſs Bliſs;
And high receive our happy Seat,
In perfect Holineſs.

6 Come quickly, LORD! let every Tomb
Deliver up its Prey:
We long to ſee the Day-ſpring come,
And open endleſs Day!

HYMN XXII.

ANOTHER.

1 WE ſing, dear LAMB of GOD, to Thee,
Who daily gather'ſt home thine own:
Thou call'ſt them from their Miſery,
And glad we ſay, *Thy Will be done.*

2 Thou giv'ſt our weary Brother Reſt,
In *Abra'm*'s Harbour he arrives
He goes to be thine Endleſs Gueſt,
And now the promis'd Crown receives.

3 Haſten, we pray Thee, when the Day
Of our Eſpouſals ſhall begin:
We wait, and long to flee away,
And leave behind us Self, and Sin.

4 We wait to join the Souls at Reſt,
The Church triumphant we would ſee:
Hear, O our SAVIOUR, our Requeſt,
And bring the Year of Jubilee.

HYMN

HYMN XXIII.

At the Death, or Funeral of a Miniſter.

1 ISR'EL departed, *Aaron* mourn'd,
And wept when *Moſes* dy'd:
They wail'd their Shepherd's Home return'd,
Though both were glorify'd.

2 How cou'd they ceaſe to grieve when they
The beſt of Friends had loſt?
Dread made in ev'ry Heart its Way,
And fill'd the *Hebrew* Hoſt.

3 But when thro' Shadows they cou'd ſee
Their SAVIOUR GOD remain;
They dry'd their Tears, and chearfully
Went on their Way again.

4 *Joſhua*, the Figure of the LAMB,
Supply'd the Prophet's Place:
Their tender Overſeer became,
And rul'd the Sheep in Peace.

5 No more will we bewail our Loſs,
Our SAVIOUR ſhall provide:
He ſaith, and we'll take up the Croſs,
And he our Feet ſhall guide.

6 The Biſhop of the Church of GOD,
Shall be our Paſtor now:
The Flock he bought with his own Blood,
Shall his Protection know.

7 Then

7 Then let our Preacher fade, and die,
Our SAVIOUR yet ſhall ſtay,
'Till we are ripen'd meet to fly,
And reign in endleſs Day.

HYMN XXIV.

At parting with a Miniſter.

1 RISE, Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
And come and mourn with us:
We're call'd to Joy in JESU's *Name*,
Why ſpeak our Brethren thus!

2 To-day our SAVIOUR takes away
Our Shepherd from our Head:
Thy Will be done, dear LAMB, *but ſtay*
Thou with us in his Stead.

3 'Tis done! for *Iſrael*'s Paſtor hears,
Our Bliſs is ſtill ſecur'd:
We ſhall be fed, be gone all Fears!
Our Shepherd is the LORD.

4 And as for you, dear Child of GOD,
Our SAVIOUR's Overſeer:
Depart in Peace! go preach His Blood,
Who kindly ſent you here.

5 Go, blaze abroad the SAVIOUR's Fame;
Let every Country know
The Merit of our deareſt LAMB,
By Sinners found below.

6 Be ſtrong, O Warrior! ſee where trod
Before thee once thy LORD:
Be bold for JESUS, *fight for* GOD,
He ſhall thy Pains reward.

7 May trembling Devils ſee thy Shield,
Thy Miſſion from on high:
May ev'ry Foe with Terror fill'd,
Before thy Goſpel fly.

HYMN XXV.

ANOTHER.

1 TO-day we meet to take our Leave
Of him by JESUS ſent:
He takes away whom late he gave,
And we will be content.

2 Our ſcatter'd Brethren yet unknown,
Muſt JESU's Goſpel hear:
'Tis Time the Flocks were join'd in one,
The latter Day is near.

3 Go then, dear Shepherd, GOD obey,
The LAMB goes out before:
We for thy proſperous Journey pray,
Go, and return in Pow'r.

4 Go, if we never ſee thee hence,
'Till Time ſhall ceaſe to be:
We know with GOD's Inheritance
We ſhall ſit down with Thee.

5 Be

5 Be not afraid to leave the Herd,
Us to the LAMB commit:
Only beſeech our tender LORD
To keep us at his Feet.

6 To diſtant Countries, foreign Lands,
Where-e'er the SAVIOUR pleaſe:
Couragiouſly go out, his Hands
Shall bear thee back in Peace.

7 Or if he call thee home before
Thou ſeeſt our Face again,
'Tis very good, for evermore
With Thee we ſoon ſhall reign.

8 Where-e'er the LORD th'Apoſtles ſent,
He after always came:
He'll be with Thee, be thou content,
Our SAVIOUR is the SAME.

9 Eternal JESUS, mind thy Word;
Be careful of thy Child:
Behold our Brother, be Thou LORD,
His Helmet, Sword, and Shield.

10 Cloſe by thy Side thy Servant keep,
Still hold him in thy Hand;
'Till him, and we, and all thy Sheep,
Shall reſt in our own Land.

HYMN XXVI.

Receiving again a Miniſter.

1 HOW beautiful upon the Hills
The Preacher's Feet appear!
How ſweet the Voice of Peace diſtills
In ev'ry open Ear!

2 Glad Tidings ſhall the Meek receive;
The bruis'd ſhall mourn no more:
The Deaf ſhall hear, the Dead ſhall live,
Riches ſhall bleſs the Poor.

3 Thy every Meſſenger, O GOD,
Do we rejoice to ſee;
And all, who teach the SAVIOUR's Blood;
For theſe are dear to Thee.

4 We thank Thee now for ſending here
The Publiſhers of Peace:
Speak by them, LORD, and every where
By them declare thy Grace.

5 Him lately ſent to us, ordain
To bring the gladſom News,
That Thou waſt once for Sinners ſlain,
Nor wilt their Chief refuſe.

6 This Goſpel own, and we aloud
Will blaze abroad thy Fame:
And tell the Merit of thy Blood,
To every ſtraying LAMB.

7 So

7 So when the Harveſt-day ſhall come,
Sowers, and Reapers too,
Shall ſhouting, enter endleſs Home,
And Thee eternal view.

8 This happy Morning we deſire,
O let it haſten on!
When all ſhall join th'Angelick Choir,
In ſinging round the Throne.

9 The Preachers, and the People, there
Shall Thee in Fullneſs ſee:
Shall keep the long Sabbatic Year,
The Feaſt of Jubilee.

HYMN XXVII.

ANOTHER.

1 BLESS we the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Who cannot ſlumber, neither ſleep;
But Day and Night, with tender Care,
Preſerves his Flock where-e'er they are.

2 Who gives them Paſtors when they want,
And kindly anſwers their Complaint;
Glory to HIM, who gives (To-day)
The Shepherd which He took away.

3 Ne'er may we want a teaching Prieſt,
'Till we get ſafe to endleſs Reſt;
Nor may a Famine of the Word
Oppreſs the People of the LORD.

4 No, let the Goſpel ſtill abide,
Thy Pilgrim's Staff our written Guide,
'Till partial Knowledge is no more,
But ceaſes on the Heav'nly Shore.

5 All Means we want 'till there we land,
'Till we on milky *Zion* ſtand:
Then Faith ſhall fail, the Word, and Hope,
As Stars do when the Sun is up.

HYMN XXVIII.

Confeſſion of Sin.

1 WE all the Sinner's Tract have trod,
Like Sheep we all have ſtray'd:
In Sack-cloth let us ſeek for GOD,
With Duſt upon our Head.

2 Let Shame our guilty Souls bow down,
And let us tell our Sin:
Who knows, if we our Folly own,
But CHRIST will make us clean.

3 Behold, O LAMB of GOD! a Race
Of wretched Rebels come
Naked, and Poor: O let thy Grace
Afford thy Children Room.

4 We own that we the World have lov'd,
Have many Idols known:
Pray let thy Wrath be all remov'd,
Nor pour thy Fury down.

5 think

5 Think on the holy Covenant,
And then, tho' we have ſinn'd,
Kindly forgive us----this we want,
O LORD, our only Friend!

6 We mourn, that we have griev'd Thee thus;
Thou deareſt LAMB, and true:
Who never hurt, nor frown'd on us,
Since we thy Friendſhip knew.

7 LORD, canſt Thou pardon Souls ſo vile?
We know Thou can'ſt, and wilt:
For we are the REDEEMER's Spoil,
For us his Blood was ſpilt.

8 Thro' all our Sin, our Forehead view,
It bears our SAVIOUR's Sign:
To poor ſtray'd Lambs free Mercy ſhew,
And ſay, *Ye ſtill are mine.*

HYMN XXIX.

In Perſecution.

1 HOW favour'd are we of the LORD!
How honour'd by the LAMB!
He counts us worthy for his Word,
To ſhare his Croſs, and Shame.

2 His Croſs, which many have deſpis'd,
We wou'd not but endure:
We bear his Shame, his Name be prais'd,
Who gives us Strength and Power.

3 O that like Sheep, we all may learn
To tread where JESUS trod:
Silent, when wrong'd, nor wrath return,
But leave Revenge to GOD.

4 Dumb as the Lambs, design'd to die,
May we our Weights sustain:
Nor fear the fiercest Enemy,
Nor dread the sharpest Pain.

5 To Him, who all our Sorrows sees,
May we our Ways submit:
JESUS shall try us as he please,
Shall do as he sees fit.

6 Our Fathers saw his Steps, and went
Thro' Want, and Fire, and Sword;
And throughout all their Banishment
Pursu'd a suff'ring LORD.

7 How glorious was their Valour seen,
When firm they stood to Death:
In them how might the Sons of Men
Discern uncommon Faith.

8 The Heathens saw their Stedfastness,
And forc'd, confess'd aloud,
Great is the GOD the Christians bless,
Yea, Great's the Christian's GOD!

9 So may we follow them, and shew
Their Faith remains in us:
May we endure, and stedfast too,
Like them our SAVIOUR's Cross.

10 Come

10 Come, Thou who ledſt the *Hebrew* Troop,
Safely thro' Wilds and Seas:
Vouchſafe, ev'n now, to be our Hope,
And we will ſhew thy Praiſe.

11 Behold thy Lambs, thy tender Herd,
Hunted by Beaſts of Prey:
And let us ſtill have Strength prepar'd,
According to our Day.

12 Say, *Follow me*, and lo! we come
Tho' all the World oppoſe:
Death, Hell and Sin, ſhall make us Room,
And all our Maſter's Foes.

13 O 'tis enough, EMANUEL!
If Thou but bid us come,
We wou'd not ſtay to bid farewel
To thoſe we leave at home.

14 Here wou'd we be content to die,
And ſee the World no more:
In fiery Chariots Heav'nward fly,
Or ſwim in Blood to Shore.

15 Death in its ghaſtly Forms we dare,
And Pain, and Fire, and Sword,
If JESUS ſay, *Lo! I am here*,
It ſhall ſuffice us, LORD!

16 O World! O Satan! join your Pow'rs,
Againſt our Peace combine:
We ſhall o'ercome, for CHRIST is ours;
We each can call him *Mine*.

17 His

17 His Blood ſhall quench your fiery Darts,
Shall all your Legions drown:
His Blood ſhall purify our Hearts,
And mark us for his own.

18 His Blood ſhall be our certain Sign
Of endleſs Victory:
His Blood, his Wounds, his Hands benign,
Shall our Aſilium be.

19 His Blood our Crimſon Robes ſhall waſh,
And make them white as Snow:
His Blood our Spirits ſhall refreſh,
'Till we to *Canaan* go.

20 His Blood, his precious Blood ſhall ſeal
Us ever to our GOD:
And ceaſeleſs Praiſe our Lips ſhall fill,
To our REDEEMER's Blood.

HYMN XXX.

Humbled at CHRIST's Feet.

1 WHY do our Souls the LAMB diſpleaſe?
Why do our Souls ſo ſlight his Peace?
He never griev'd us once, nor frown'd
Upon us, ſince his Love we found:
Then why ſhould we ſo fooliſhly offend,
So dear a SAVIOUR, and ſo true a Friend?

2 Once

2 Once Pleaſure did we much purſue,
Lov'd Vanity, and Things below;
And well we know in none of theſe
We found Content, nor Happineſs,
But in the wounded JESUS, in his Blood,
We know we had all theſe----why ſlight we GOD?

3 When we were in Diſtreſs, and Grief,
Bow'd down with Guilt, of Sinners chief:
We ſought for Help from all around,
And cry'd, and wept, but none was found:
So was deſpairing----when the Goſpel came,
CHRIST *is your Friend!* why ſlight we then the LAMB?

4 O let our Souls look back, and view
The Dangers he has brought us thro':
Out of what Straits, and Miſery,
Hath JESUS brought us tenderly?
Forget not this our Souls, think on his Croſs!
And do not, do not ſlight our SAVIOUR thus:

5 Remember all his bloody Sweat,
His wounded Hands, his bleeding Feet;
His Agony, his Cries, and Tears;
His three and thirty ſuff'ring Years:
Do we remember this? then how can we
So grieve the LAMB, and deal ungratefully?

6 Surely our Souls can ſee their Sin,
How very fooliſh they have been;
They fall at JESU's Feet, and prove,
How He is full of Grace and Love:

Our Souls repent, dear LORD, O give us Pow'r,
Never, O never to displeaſe Thee more!

HYMN XXXI.

Renouncing the World, &c.

1 O World! how treach'rous haſt thou been!
How falſe to us, and how untrue?
Of thee, we fooliſh, learn'd to ſin;
And thro' thee many Miſeries know:
We'll love thee now no more---our Ears have heard
Of JESU's Faithfulneſs, and his Reward.

2 Deceitful Self, we thee have prov'd,
And find thee our REDEEMER's Foe;
'Twas Thou didſt ſlay our Beſt Belov'd,
'Twas thou didſt pierce Him thro' and thro':
We cannot love thee hence, we hence deny
To pleaſe our SAVIOUR's greateſt Enemy.

3 Thou, Satan too, our Maſter once,
Thy Service ever we deſert:
Thy Name, thy Nature we renounce,
CHRIST JESUS ſhall have all our Heart:
Thou long haſt had our Will, and all our Pow'r,
Curſt Fiend, we'll be thy Drudges now no more.

4 Sin in thy greateſt Beauty dreſt,
Howe'er thou ſeek'ſt thy Slaves again,

Thee

Thee Root, and Branch, we now deteſt;
Thou mayſt not in us longer reign,
No, mighty Tyrant! we have lately known
Thy End is Death, and we thy Rule diſown.

5 We thank the LORD, that we have ſeen
One more to be deſir'd than thee:
One, fairer than the Sons of Men,
One, who indeed will make us free:
He is our Choice, all others we diſclaim,
None ſhall poſſeſs our Hearts but He, the LAMB.

6 Thou, JESUS, when we lay in Blood,
And wallow'd in the Mire of Sin,
Didſt call us to remember GOD,
And promis'd, *I will make you clean!*
'Tis done, dear LORD, we rather this wou'd prove,
Than have ten thouſand Worlds pretended Love!

HYMN XXXII.

The Peace of Chriſtianity. In a Dialogue.

1 HO, Pilgrims! (if ye Pilgrims be)
We want to join with you:
Poor Chriſtian-Travellers are we,
To Canaan's *Land we go.*

2 No Peace (tho' we have ſought) we find,
In any Country here:
'Twas therefore we left all behind,
Wealth, Name, and Character.

3 We left our Friends, our Gain, and Eaſe,
And deſtitute became:
We left our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs,
And naked ſought the LAMB.

4 Our SAVIOUR bid us Self deny,
And daily bear our Croſs:
He, when he call'd our Company,
Said juſt the ſame to us.

5 We find his Yoke an eaſy Yoke,
We prove his Burden light:
When we for him had all forſook,
Heav'n ſtrait appear'd in Sight.

6 We ne'er ſuch Pleaſure knew before,
As now in Him we know:
Peace (ſince our SAVIOUR's *Croſs we bore)*
Like Rivers in us flow.

7 Let others then delight them here,
Their Trifles we deſpiſe:
The heavenly Kingdom we prefer,
The Bliſs of Paradiſe.

8 Then joyful let us journey on
To certain Reſt above:
Singing to Him on yonder's Throne,
Of His Electing Love.

9 While

9 While ſome on Earth contented ſtay,
We'll haſten to our Place:
And own that we had ſtaid as they,
But we were ſav'd by Grace.

HYMN XXXIII.

Rejoicing in Liberty.

1 THE Spirit of the Law of Life
Has made us Children free
From Hell, and Sin, and Fear, and Strife,
And giv'n us Liberty!

2 No Condemnation we ſhall know,
For we in JESUS are
Belov'd of GOD, and ſealed too,
In Endleſs Bliſs to ſhare.

3 The LORD is to his Temple come,
Our Nature's Power is ſlain:
And, forc'd, makes our EMANUEL Room,
And owns his Right to reign.

4 Go on, O KING! Nor let one Foe,
One Enemy ſurvive!
Humble our Pride, our Luſts ſubdue,
Nor let our Paſſions live!

5 Let ev'ry Wiſh, and ev'ry Thought,
Which have not own'd thy Sway,
Down from its lofty Seat be brought,
And trembling Thee obey!

6 Let even Sin's In-being feel!
The ſharpneſs of thy Sword:
Its Roots tear up, its Raging ſtill,
And let it know Thee, LORD!

7 For Thee, dear SAVIOUR, Thee alone,
Wou'd we have Sin ſubdu'd:
O ſlay it, LORD, and tread it down,
And drown it in thy Blood.

8 This only wait we for, and we
Shall join the Church above;
Shall leave a ſinful World, and flee
To dwell in *Perfect Love*.

Note, *Theſe following were added for ſingle Perſons.*

Panting for Liberty.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 O My dear SAVIOUR, pray incline
To hear the pooreſt Child of Thine:
Stoop to my Suit, and let me tell;
Amidſt how many Woes I dwell:
I know 'tis Juſt---and my Deſert is more
Than all the Tribulation I endure.

2 My chiefeſt Weight is Sin, for this
I daily mourn, and have no Peace:
I (when I would not) find it move,
And alienate me from thy Love:
While Friends, and Foes, and ev'ry Thing I ſee
Seem ſet againſt, and ſtrange appear to me.

3 I look

3 I look the naked World around,
Where Pleaſures ev'ry where abound:
I weigh the Comforts others know,
And think how bleſs'd are ſome below;
But O! on Earth no Pleaſures ſuit my Taſte,
I want thoſe Pleaſures that will ever laſt.

4 This is my Grief, dear LAMB, nor can
My Soul be eaſy, but complain;
'Till Thou my Burthen doſt remove,
By ſhedding in my Heart thy Love;
'Till thy good Spirit bid my Sin depart,
I muſt ſuſtain, Dear LORD, a broken Heart!

HYMN XXXV.

ANOTHER.

1 WHEN daily more and more I ſee
What ſecret Evils lurk in me:
I more and more my SAVIOUR prize,
Who ſtill ſubdues them as they riſe.

2 Once had Men ſaid how bad I was,
How needy of thy Blood and Croſs:
Sure I had thought they ſpoke untrue,
And judg'd of what they did not know.

3 But O by Thee convinc'd I find,
I'm miſerable, poor, and blind:
Yea Enmity itſelf I am,
A Source of Folly, Sin and Shame.

4 When firſt thy Sp'rit inlighten'd me,
I ſaw myſelf but partially. My

My outward Sins I only saw,
Nor knew th' Extent of *Moses* Law.

5 Indwelling Evil I perceive
A Nature prone to disbelieve:
Prone to offend, to disobey,
Gend'ring to Bondage every Day.

6 But shall this carnal Mind in me
This Nature's cursed Enmity:
Have still Dominion? must I still
The Tyrant's Yoke and Burthen feel?

7 No, Thou the Holy bleeding LAMB,
His Head shall bruise, it's Fierceness tame:
Thy own right Hand shall shew its Pow'r
While Sin shall die to reign no more.

8 When-e'er the least Remains of Sin,
Rise to disturb my Peace within:
Thou my dear SAVIOUR shalt o'ercome,
Shalt wound it till Thou it consume.

9 I cannot think me truly free
While one Desire can rule in me:
While I but feel the sinful Seed,
I cannot think me free indeed.

10 Still as Thou giv'st me free Access
To come to Thee my Righteousness:
I'll come and daily wash, till I
Am clean from all Iniquity.

11 Poor as I am, I'll come and say,
Forgive my Trespasses to Day:

For

Forgive my ſecret Faults I'll cry,
Thoſe that eſcape my partial Eye.

12 I know Thou wilt my Cry receive,
For Thou haſt giv'n me to believe,
That what I aſk ſhall ſure be giv'n,
'Till all my Wants ſhall end in Heav'n.

HYMN XXXVI.

In Darkneſs.

1 O Mark my Way, my Doubts remove,
Thou GOD that heareſt Pray'r:
Out of the Treaſures of thy Love,
My broken Heart repair.

2 Indeed the Weight is far too great,
Which on my Soul is lain:
I faint, dear SAVIOUR, at thy Feet;
I cannot bear my Pain.

3 How can'ſt Thou love to turn thy Face
From me, and let me grieve?
O ſhew me ſoon thy pard'ning Grace,
Or elſe I cannot live.

4 I ev'ry other Croſs beſide,
Can joyfully take up;
But cannot ſuffer Thee to hide,
For Thou art all my Hope.

5 Smile on me, LAMB of GOD, and frown
No more, but ſtill incline
Thy Servant rightly to go on,
And own a Child of Thine.

HYMN XXXVII.

ANOTHER.

1 DEAR LAMB of GOD, who once for Sin
Was bruis'd, and ſcourg'd, and ſlain:
Forgive me, and I do not mean
To uſe Thee ill again.

2 Hereafter, if Thou giv'ſt me Grace,
I'll count thy Foes mine own:
No other ſhall my Soul embrace,
But Thee, my LORD, alone.

3 I know (for Thou, O GOD, art Love)
Thou yet canſt make me free:
Thou all my Guilt, my Weight canſt move,
And help poor ſinful me.

4 My ſpotted Garments let me waſh
In JESUS, O my GOD:
And let me bathe my Soul afreſh,
In my REDEEMER's Blood.

5 And when, Thou LORD, ſhalt make me free,
As I before have been;
Teach me to prize my Liberty,
And keep my Foot from Sin.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVIII.

Admiring Free-Love.

1 NOW will I ſing to JESU's Name,
To Thee, my LORD, my Voice I'll tune:
To Thee, who loves me ſtill the ſame
As e'er Thou hadſt the Worlds begun.

2 My Heart the pleaſing Theme indites,
While ſounds the Language from my Tongue;
The Matter well my Soul delights;
For O! thy Love is all my Song.

3 How didſt Thou Heav'n and Glory leave,
And take on Thee a Servant's Form,
Became of no Repute to ſave
The Sinner, me, a very Worm?

4 O richeſt Grace! amazing Love
That found out me, that me reſtor'd,
When I againſt its Working ſtrove,
And all my Life withſtood my LORD!

5 Nor only left'ſt Thou Heav'n for me,
But O my JESUS bled and dy'd;
High lifted on the accurſed Tree,
For me my LORD was crucify'd.

6 For this thy Love unparrallel'd,
Thy Name I ev'ry Day will bleſs;
And ſing the Grace to me reveal'd,
And praiſe the LORD my Righteouſneſs.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIX.

At Work.

1 A Little Time I dwell below;
A little while I labour here:
And endleſs Reſt I ſoon ſhall know,
Where Toil ſhall ceaſe, and Sin, and Care.

2 Soon ſhall this weary Soul of mine,
Out of this fleſhly Priſon haſte:
Death me ſhall bear away to join
The Church caught up to be at Reſt.

3 No ſooner ſhall the LORD proclaim,
Sounding the wiſh'd-for *Jubilee*:
Let go my Servant, looſe my LAMB;
But I in endleſs Bliſs ſhall be.

4 I joyful here my Work perform,
Knowing when all my Work is done,
I (tho' a poor unworthy Worm)
Shall ſhare the LORD my SAVIOUR's Throne.

5 There ſhall my worldly Buſineſs end,
And I wrap'd up in glorious Peace,
My everlaſting Age ſhall ſpend,
And ſee my JESUS Face to Face.

6 There long I to adore my KING,
Bowing before the LORD Moſt High;
There pant I with the Saints to ſing
Loud Songs to all Eternity.

FINIS.

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